And from two brothers lineallie diſcent?
Suppoſe by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkſt thou that I will leaue my kinglie ſeate
Wherein my father and my grandſire ſat?
No, firſt ſhall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our harts great ſorrow
Shall be my winding ſheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.

*War.* Proue it *Henrie* and thou ſhalt be king?

*King.* Why *Henrie* the fourth by conqueſt got the Crowne.

*York.* T'was by rebellion gainſt his ſoueraigne.

*King.* I know not what to ſaie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?

*War.* What then?

*King.* Then am I lawfull king For *Richard*
The ſecond in the view of manie Lords
Reſignde the Crowne to *Henrie* the fourth,
Whoſe heire my Father was, and I am his.

*York.* I tell thee he roſe againſt him being his Soueraigne, & made him to reſigne the crown perforce.

*War.* Suppoſe my Lord he did it vnconſtrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

*Exet.* No, for he could not ſo reſigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire muſt ſucceed and raigne.

*King.* Art thou againſt vs, Duke of *Exceter*?

*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*King.* All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

*Nor.*



*Northum. Plantagenet* for all the claime thou laiſt,
Thinke not king *Henry* ſhall be thus depoſde?

*War.* Depoſde he ſhall be in deſpight of thee.

*North.* Tuſh *Warwike*, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy Southerne powers of *Eſſex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of *Kent*, that makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.

*Cliff.* King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my father.

*King.* O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.

*York.* *Henry* of *Lancaſter* reſigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conſpire you Lords?

*War.* Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Wright vp his title with thy vſurping bloud.

*King.* O *Warwike*, heare me ſpeake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilſt I liue.

*York.* Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou ſhalt raigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.

*King.* Conuey the ſouldiers hence, and then I will.

*War.* Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fieldes.

*Clif.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince your ſon?

*War.* What good is this for *England* and himſelfe?

*Northum.* Baſe, fearefull, and deſpairing *Henry*.

*Clif.* How haſt thou wronged both thy ſelfe and vs?

*Weſt.*